

MOTHER EARTH

Vol. X. September, 1915 No. 7



OPPORTUNITY !

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Office: 20 East 125th Street, New York City
Telephone, Harlem 6194

Price, 10 Cents per Copy

One Dollar per Year

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature
Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher and Editor, 20 East 125th Street.
New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at
New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. X

SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 7

CAPLAN AND SCHMIDT

BY ERIC THE RED

OUT of the ranks of Labor,
Up from the seething mass
Of men who struggle in darkness
Seeking the light of the day;
Stepped two men in the Sunlight,
Recruits of the rank and file,
Tow'ring above the political leaders
Caring for naught but the Truth;
Theirs is a message that's lifting
The usual whine for beggarly mercy
Into a shout of fearless defiance.
Theirs is a challenge to those who are seeking
By wily tricks of the slippery law,
To divert the grip of the toiler
From the throat of those who are crushing him down,
To do their worst and be damned.
Scorning the pitiful lies
And gossip of weaklings seeking cheap glory,
They'll stand or fall self-reliant;
Strong in their firm conviction,
Rather to sacrifice all
Than barter the cause of Labor
For a pitiful mess of social prestige.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

WE are not among those who attempt to differentiate between murder committed by the State and murder committed without the sanction of legal murderers. We cannot see why the one is considered noble, honorable, moral, and just, while the other is merely criminal. Such distinctions are of value only to those who wish to monopolize the business of murder. The recent lynching of Leo Frank was not an illegal act; it was not an anarchistic act. It was the act of honorable, law-abiding, law-loving Georgians, whose defense must be that they were carrying out the decree of Georgia courts. They were embodying the spirit of the law, if they were not observing the letter of it. "Justice" in the Georgian sense had been miscarried by the individual and from their point of view, anarchistic act of Slaton. "The people rose and carried into effect the legal sentence," in the words of Thomas E. Watson. This in fact is the truth of the whole matter, in spite of the sentimental crocodile tears of the *New York Times* and other such sheets, which are the greatest champions of legal murder elsewhere. The real lesson of the Frank lynching is to be found in its revelation of the complete mastery of Prejudice, Stupidity, Ignorance and Bloodthirstiness. These are the forces which control the courts, not only in Georgia but in every State of the Union. These are the forces which determine the activity of the State in all its departments. These are the powers of darkness which use the State to conduct the vicarious business of murder. There is no doubt in our mind that the chivalrous and honorable citizens who hanged Leo Frank to a tree would have objected to the Jew being murdered by the State. These lovers of justice wanted his blood. Therefore they were willing, in the words of Watson, to give him "a fair trial before an honest jury and a just judge"—merely as a preliminary and as the surest way of legitimatizing this murder. This "fair trial" was given an air of sanctity of respectability to the murder. Slaton's commutation of the sentence merely served to reveal, in the Marietta lynching, the forces that control the activities of the State, and which are not, as Slaton learned, in any crucial instance, to be opposed. Law and Order, in Georgia as elsewhere, are merely the thin veils which cloak the bloodthirstiness of respectable and law-abiding citizens.

YET, on the other hand, how weakkneed is the attempt of the conservative and respectable press elsewhere to protest against the lynching of Frank! Since when have these pimps of public opinion been the champions of decency and justice? They would throw dust in our eyes, and try to make their readers believe that this mob murder is an exception in the annals of American courts. That is a lie. The same forces controlling the courts of Georgia are active elsewhere. The wormeaten press does not say that, for it too is controlled in the same way. Mr. Rockefeller's lynchings, burnings, and massacres are commended. Lawson is sent away for life, but do these moral sheets protest? To give any idea of the injustice and the bloodthirstiness of the courts and the American press would fill volumes. The lynching of Frank is merely a bald instance of the fact that Law and Murder go hand in hand.

* * *

IN an article in the September *Forum* Theodore Schroeder, the champion of free speech and free press, gives an analysis of the causes that give rise to violent acts and bring characters like the McNamaras to the front in the American labor movement. He discusses the question whether the McNamaras are martyrs or criminals, and after going carefully into the psychological, social and economical aspects of the case, comes to the conclusion that they are neither. To understand, and to do one's share in removing the causes of injustice and violence is much more important than to condemn or to praise.

* * *

CRADLE AND CANNON

The "hand that rocks the cradle" no longer rules the world. Hate and blood-lust and the mad greed of men for land and trade and power are taking away the tiny, cooing secret of its hold!

Already France's wise men have put heads together to see if any way can be planned to save the "baby crop" while continuing to send the fathers to the cannon's mouth and the mothers to the long, sad, agonizing wait.

Already in each of the war-spent lands the voice of authority, openly or by import, has gone forth, in effect, to the new recruits:

"Breed before you die!"

But breed for what?—Stockton Record.

THE Balance Sheet of English Rule in India," is the title of a strong circular issued by the Hindustan-Gadar Party of San Francisco. We recommend it to those of our readers who are convinced that Great Britain is fighting the battle of Freedom against German, tyranny and "imperialism." We present it in full....

* * *

ENGLISHMEN drain from India and take to England every year 50 crores of rupees (167 million dollars); on account of this the Hindustanis have become so poor that the daily average income per capita is only 5 pices ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cents).

(2). The tax on land is more than 65 per cent.

(3). The expenditure on the education of 240 million persons is $7\frac{3}{4}$ crores of rupees (\$25,000,000); on sanitation, 2 crores (\$6,000,000); but on the army, $29\frac{1}{2}$ crores (\$97,000,000).

(4). Under British rule, the famines are ever on the increase, and, in the last ten years twenty million men, women and children have died of starvation.

(5). From the plague have occurred, during the sixteen years past, eight million deaths, and the death rate during the last thirty years has increased from 24 per mille up to 34 per mille.

(6). Means are employed to spread disunion and disorder in the native states, and to increasing British influence there.

(7). Englishmen are not punished for murdering Hindus and for insulting (destroying the honour of) Hindu women.

(8). From the money taken from the Hindus and the Mussulmans, aid is given to Christian priests (missionaries).

(9). Attempt is always made to create enmity between Hindus and Mussulmans.

(10). Arts and crafts (industries) of India have been destroyed for England's benefit.

(11). Employing India's money, and sacrificing the lives of the Hindus (as soldiers), China, Afganistan, Burmah, Egypt and Persia have been conquered.

(12). The population of India, in the Native States, is 70 millions; in the British territories, 240 millions.

(13). The military strength of the British consists of 79,614 English officers and soldiers, and 38,948 volunteers.

(14). It is fifty-six years since the Rebellion of 1857; now it is urgently necessary to have another.



WHAT WE HAVE BEEN, WE STILL REMAIN

BY E. ARMAND

IT is not from a vague humanitarian sensibility, nor from a hazy and mystic pity that we are proclaiming our horror of war. We know very well that life is a continual selection, in which only the most able and gifted triumph.

What causes our hatred for war, i. e., for the state of war and all that follows in its train, is that while it reigns self-assertion and individual determinism are more than ordinarily restrained, constrained, repressed, not to say reduced to naught. It substitutes in place of the individual struggle for existence and happiness a collective struggle profitable to a small number of the governing and the large exploiters of all countries. It places the individual in a humiliating position of subordination and dependence in face of the administrative and military authorities.

The non-combatant is deprived of the ability to express and expand his thoughts, if not also of free movement. His product is at the mercy of the first requisition. On the field of carnage, a prey of the atmosphere of brutishness and savagery, he is but an inanimate object, like a piece of baggage, at the disposal of others, who in their turn obey orders that they dare not discuss.

This was our standpoint before the actual events; such it still remains. We did not have to renounce our opinions, for they are confirmed. The most convincing proof that we had not erred is seen in the attitudes of the Collectivists, Syndicalists, Communists called Anarchists and

others who suddenly turned into ardent defenders of civilizations and politics based upon maintaining mankind in subjection and ignorance; we have observed "adjustments of aim" which the tragic circumstances alone prevent us from qualifying as buffooneries. This sort of socialist recognized the necessity of temporarily abandoning the "class-struggle" to participate in the "national defense." This ilk of Anarchist proposes to change neutral diplomats to terminate the gigantic struggle. The strangest medley of names are to be found in conjunction, the highest dignitaries of the church, the most accredited representatives of the conservative bourgeoisie, the flamboyant "fifteen thousand" Socialists and the Syndicalist divinities!

If they could not or would not oppose or halt the massacre it behooved Socialists of all persuasions, with the feeling of elementary shame, to hold their peace. The interval of silence would have furnished an occasion to meditate on the frailty of dogmas. The attitude of the "intellectuals" is no less disgusting. Anti-nationalists and pacifists, religionists and free-thinkers, atheists and monists, all, or nearly all, have kept pace with the government. Such a downfall!

If, comrades, we break the silence imposed by circumstances beyond our control it is not merely to deliver into space hollow recriminations. It is above all and essentially to *put you on guard against incitations* emanating from persons boasting of conceptions of the old International, urging to insurrection or revolution *after the war* those of you who shall have survived the butchery.

Note, in the first place, that these doctrinaires write safely esconced in neutral countries where at this moment it is the interest of the governments to see a flourishing pacifist and anti-militarist propaganda. In the second place, what passes under our eyes obliges us to inquire what would have been the attitude of these theoreticians if the States in which they reside had been engulfed in the conflagration?

In reality, as before the war, we remain the resolute adversaries of revolutionary or insurrectionary attempts.

One must be blind not to perceive that a movement of this kind has no chance of success; it would result in a

repression probably worse than that following the Commune of 1871; it would give the authorities an occasion to silence permanently those rare spirits who have known how to resist the general disorder. It is this handful of men that will be attacked by the mass escaped from bullets and shrapnel, urged on by the masters, exploiters and servile press, avenging their long absence from their firesides. Moreover, only one gesture can interest us—that which recoils directly and personally upon the guilty ones.

Doubtless, the war, no matter who triumphs, will produce numerous causes of discontent. They are already fermenting. These germs of dissatisfaction our propaganda ought to utilize.

But before passing this question it would be well to glance at the past. We must recognize that but too often we neglected to erase preconceived notions from the minds of those whom we wished to accept “future societies” or economic systems to come. Too often we had wanted to reconstruct ideas in brains before the complete demolition of the old. We have not criticized vehemently enough the enrollment in leagues, unions, syndicates and other bodies where individual autonomy and initiative are sacrificed to the common weal. Some of us have listened complacently to hypocritical justifications of “social constraints” or “solidarities” which are not disputed because their end is alleged to be the general or collective interest! The awakening was rude.

Even without decided advantage on either side, the simultaneous exhaustion of military and financial resources of the belligerents, the intervention of large capitalists, existing pressure upon the head of some neutral State, the inquietude of politicians fearing the electoral effect upon their parties, will hasten the end of the conflict.

The war concluded, it will be necessary for us to resume with vim and zeal the education of the individual. More than formerly and with all means at our disposal it devolves upon us to awaken the desire and will to annihilate all notions that enthrall men to the State, Society, institutions or men representing them.

In other words, according to the temperaments of those

we encounter, making appeal to sentiment or reason, to interest or sensibility we must:

Denounce relentlessly the peril of what places the individual, voluntarily or forcibly, in solidarity with the social ensemble;

Demonstrate irrefutably the negation of super-personal ideals, belief in the invisible, abstract aspirations, happiness not subject to the senses;

Destroy radically belief in chiefs and leaders, parliaments and public unions, newspapers and workers' federations, exploiters and exploited;

See to it, in a word, without relaxation, that those to whom our propaganda is addressed are turned into irreconcilable enemies, theoretical and practical, of all domination and exploitation of man by man or by his environment.

Comrades, we are not calling you to insurrection or revolution on the "morrow of the war." We know that no society is superior to the sum of those composing it, and if, by chance, a popular movement were successful, it would only effect a change of rulers. It is for a more profound task that you are to prepare henceforth, to sap and undermine all vestiges of respect for Society, State, rules, and rulers. We are so few in number that we cannot afford to have even a single one misled by the dialectics of the fossils of the International. Let us recollect that distrust and suspicion is on the increase for all those who wish to govern, direct, lead or conduct; that people are more and more inclined to think for themselves, to identify themselves with their own interest only, to lend a deaf ear to all except what is conducive of their own development. Moreover, they are opposed to the social usurpation of the individual.

Thus we can realize, for ourselves, the opportunity to live our own lives.



WAR AND THE WORKERS

BY TOM MANN

IT has taken a year for the full tension to be applied to the people in an industrial, financial and psychological sense. Increasing tightness on the workers has been the plan of those connected with the reins of government; now cajoling, now threatening, the people have been made to feel the power of the State; and in the middle of the twelfth month of the war, the coal miners of South Wales, having failed to obtain any consideration from the mine owners, resolve to strike. But already the minister of munitions has been empowered to take drastic action in areas and industries essential to the conducting of the war. And the statesmen announce through the official press, that they will stand no nonsense from miners or others, that exceptional powers will be applied without hesitancy.

Quite calmly but firmly the miners state their case; that the mine owners have increased the price of coal at the pits mouth by five shillings per ton and they refuse even to discuss the possibility of an advance to the miners, who are, like others, subject to the increased cost of living; they state, what all observers knew, that the coal owners fix their contracts in the month of July, some for six months, some for twelve months in advance; that the owners have already fixed many contracts at exorbitant prices, and refuse to make any concession to the men, who were asking for five pence per ton increase. The government prepare to apply the special powers in case the men should strike. The men quietly ignore what the government does and the whole 200,000 men cease work; threats of all kinds follow, the men are loyal to each other, and the exceptional measures of the government remain a dead letter and the minister of munitions conducts negotiations after the men have been out of the mines for a week, securing to the men an increase of four pence, half penny (nine cents as against the ten they asked for), per ton; and the men accept this and return to work.

The details are trivial, but the main fact exhibits the force of combination on the part of ordinary workmen,

and demonstrates their power as superior to the State.

It is a matter of congratulation that such solidarity should have been shown by the Welsh miners, that is, solidarity as regards their everyday toil. No other form of solidarity could have withstood the State, all other means proved utterly ineffectual; resorting to direct action as regards their labor gave them pre-eminence over all opposing forces. If these same miners were prepared to show solidarity of the same order to secure control of the mines they could get it, backed up, of course, by their fellow workers in other industries. And when the war is over, if the workers can show solidarity, and be as firm about refusing to work except under their own conditions, they would control the economic situation, and the social revolution would be realized.

I have read with intense interest all I have been able to get about the Caplan-Schmidt case and I was especially interested in Alex. Berkman's article on this subject in current issue of MOTHER EARTH. I see no chance of these comrades getting a fair deal in the courts—unless the workers are prepared to resort to direct action on their behalf.

I admire the capable manner in which the Californian Trade Unionists are backing their comrades; but again it must be said, that there is little chance of safety for them unless the workers will show solidarity on the industrial field to secure it.

As regards the workers here in Britain very few are war mad, very many are really international at heart, but it is an exceedingly difficult thing to show it just now. Industrial mass action is equal to anything, but for small and comparatively isolated sections to attempt even to do educational work, means being confronted with tremendous obstacles, but we are not entirely despondent on that account. We look to America to keep out of this war. Surely it is sufficient that four-fifths of Europe should be involved, and the United States keeping out of actual participation may render great service in negotiation; but if the United States actually enters into the general mad struggle she will lose magnificent opportunities.

Manchester, England.

A NEW ADVENTURE IN ARCADIA

BY LOUISE BRYANT

FOR about twenty years Emma Goldman has been making an annual visit to what the boosters have chosen to name our "Rose City." There are certain ones of us in Portland who have acquired the habit of Emma Goldman and it would be difficult, indeed, for us to go through a year without her, for like the Spring she always brings us new joy and life and inspiration. And as it would be tragic for any of us who live here where there are so many dismal, rainy days to miss the warm, sweet, healing incense of the Spring so it would be just as hard to experience a summer without the usual inspirational messages which our good Arch-Anarchist annually brings us.

When we had settled down, as is our custom, to enjoy the course of lectures, we did not expect to be rudely interrupted either by the police or the ministers of the city. I say "settled down" because that is the way we do things in Portland, we do them comfortably and with dignity and poise or we do not do them at all. That is why Miss Goldman finds it so hard to lecture here. She said to me before one of her lectures, "My audiences are so dead!"

However, it remained for one little, frowsy-haired old woman, Mrs. Josephine Johnson, who was blighted by that deadly thing we call "provincialism" to get us all into a regular row and plunge Emma Goldman and Ben Reitman into such glaring headlines in the newspapers that for the time being Portland forgot the war in Europe or even that there were still loose about our merry land such men as Roosevelt and Billy Sunday. It was this little old lady, who has not been able to live up to the age, who swore to a complaint she knew nothing about and brought the majesty of the law down upon us all.

It came about thus: One evening when Miss Goldman was lecturing on Friedrich Nietzsche, some one distributed a few pamphlets giving methods of preventing conception. Miss Goldman really knew nothing about this distribution but, of course, she is so interested in the problem of birth control that she certainly approved of everything set forth in them. However, the point is

that the lecture was not about birth control and she had nothing to do with the pamphlet. Three nights later (August 6th), she was to deliver the birth control lecture and just before that lecture, as she was making the first introductory remarks, both she and Dr. Reitman were arrested on the charge of distributing the pamphlet, *because that was the only excuse the police or any of the officials could find to break up the meeting!*

We have free speech in Portland and we are very proud of it. Several times measures aiming at its destruction have been up before the voters and these measures have been overwhelmingly defeated. With popular sentiment strongly in favor of free speech one might wonder why Miss Goldman could be notified on the afternoon of August 6th that she would not be allowed to speak any more in Portland on any subject whatever. That is, one might if one did not know Portland and Portland's God-fearing Mayor.

Ever since Mayor Albee was elected three years ago he has put most of his problems into the hands of God. Personally, I feel that if God ever had anything to do with making the world he is so ashamed of it by this time that he does not like to be reminded. However, our mayor always has a recourse if God does not help him out of his difficulties, he turns the affair over to his secretary, Mr. Warren.

Mr. C. E. S. Wood very wittily remarked in speaking of this case. "The Mayor is a good man filled with good intentions, in which he resembles hell, and the real power is exercised by his secretary, Mr. Warren, who is filled with bad intentions, in which he also resembles hell and the difference is that the Mayor does not carry out his good intentions but Mr. Warren carries out his bad ones."

After Miss Goldman had received her notice from the police, Mr. Warren also told Ben Reitman that Miss Goldman would not be allowed to speak in Portland any more and if Colonel Wood was with her on the platform he would be locked up too. That being the state of affairs, Colonel Wood, who is more influential and more loved and of more use in the world than any number of Mayor's secretaries, was very prompt to be on hand at the meeting. He was not arrested but he was able that evening and later to help his friends not only with money

but with his wide knowledge of the law, which is his profession.

The arrest was unique in many ways. The plain-clothes man who arrested Miss Goldman and Dr. Reitman was made to read aloud the charge, while the erstwhile quiet audience hissed and stormed.

At ten-thirty at night the police refused to take Mr. Wood's personal check or anybody else's check or travellers' checks or any other bail except cash, and fixed the bail at \$500 for each offender, making \$1,000. This was, of course, contrary to all justice. At that hour of the night Mr. Wood was only able to raise \$500, by going to one of the local hotels, so Dr. Reitman remained in jail.

At the trial, the next morning, the usual farce took place as far as justice was concerned. Judge Stadter, who was acting municipal judge during Judge Stevenson's vacation, fined our good friends \$100 each.

This was promptly appealed and this is where the real joy of the adventure in Arcadia came about and how Miss Goldman happened to meet a fair-minded judge.

The second trial was held in Dept. 5 of the Circuit court, which is presided over by Judge Wm. N. Gatens. He is not the type of judge who "sit impassive high above the tears of women and the dull despair of men," but he is the type (alas! there are so few), who use the law as a real means of securing justice. He said some very good things at this trial and he says some very good things at every trial where he presides, for he is very human. Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that he has worked for his living since early childhood, when he was left an orphan. He really *knows* what hunger and despair and pain are like, he has not merely *heard* about them.

He dismissed the case because the offense brought no evidence to show that the defendants had anything to do with the pamphlets.

During the trial Judge Gatens made these remarks:

"The Court says the defendants are not here charged, as has been stated by the council, with creating anarchistic tendencies, or being anarchists; they are here to be tried for the offense set forth in the information and no other offense.

"Every person, when charged with a crime, should have the right to know the nature of the crime with which they are charged, meet the witnesses face to face, and be tried without prejudice, not to be tried on the ground that you don't like this person or that person because they have some view different from yours.

"Now it seems to me that the trouble with our people today is that there is too much prudery. Ignorance and prudery are the millstones about the necks of progress. Everyone knows that. We are all shocked by many things publicly stated that we know privately ourselves, but we haven't got the nerve to get up and admit it, and when some person brings to our attention something we already know, we feign modesty and we feel that the public has been outraged and decency has been shocked, and as a matter of fact we know all these things ourselves.

"I am a member of the Oregon Hygiene Association. We get out literature and place it in the toilets all over the State, telling people how to guard against the evils of venereal diseases, and so forth. We do that for the uplift of humanity, to protect society from all those things, and the public does not seem to be very much shocked about it."

Can you imagine anything more refreshing and hopeful than to hear a judge talking thus openly and frankly in a case where Anarchists are being tried? If only such a clean-minded judge will preside over the trial of Margaret Sanger, what a fine thing for all mankind that will be!

There is little more to tell. Miss Goldman gave four more lectures after her arrest. One was at the Public Library. Hundreds were turned away.



ON THE ROAD

BY ALEXANDER BERKMAN

I DON'T believe that good writing has ever been done in haste. Necessity for expression, the reaction upon unsatisfying environment, have produced literature. But it was always the result of leisure, even if of hungry leisure.

I have been too rushed in the last two months to give adequate expression to the many new impressions one receives when traveling about, and coming in contact with new scenes and different conditions and people. These have given rise to many observations that must be postponed for a day of more leisure.

For the present, a matter-of-fact report will suffice.

I have found sympathetic interest in the Caplan-Schmidt case everywhere—among revolutionists, radical groups, Workmen's Circle branches, and A. F. of L. unions. Even among the most conservative locals of craft organizations I meet, in the rank and file, a growing understanding of the necessity of militant methods in the labor warfare. In spite of reactionary leaders and politicians, there is much to encourage the revolutionary propagandist. I am confident that a very considerable percentage of the organized labor element of this country could be revolutionized in thought and deed, if we had at least a dozen men of the right kind to do this work.

My first stop after Los Angeles was in Denver. And surely the comrades of Denver are most faithful and generous givers. I could remain in the city only two days, but in that short time we succeeded in organizing a branch of the Defense League and raising considerable funds. Gertrude Nafe is the secretary of the League, with Frank Monroe as treasurer. They, together with John Spies, Helena Monroe, Mary Levin, M. Spanier, A. Rudolph and other active comrades, are pushing the work of the League and trying to interest wider elements in Denver to secure greater moral and financial assistance.

After Denver I visited Kansas City, Mo., where we succeeded in organizing a very efficient branch of the Defense League. We are fortunate in having in Kansas City a number of red-blooded and brainy revolutionists and militant labor men and women, and it is these that are putting up a gallant fight in the labor organizations of that city and radicalizing the sentiment of the more progressive elements. Their first step of popularizing the Defense League was to organize a very large and successful mass meeting that acquainted the large audience with the true character of the labor struggle, as re-

flected by the cases of Caplan and Schmidt, John Lawson, etc.

In Kansas City, as well as in San Francisco and Los Angeles, the local branches of the Workmen's Circle at once responded to our call. The members of this organization, mostly progressive and revolutionary, can always be relied upon to aid in every labor struggle. In every city I visited the W. C. branches lost no time in offering their support to Caplan and Schmidt.

In Chicago I remained about three weeks, during which time a number of unions were visited and a strong Defense League formed, with delegates from the United Hebrew Trades, the Workmen's Circle (42 branches), and various other labor organizations. The League organized a mass meeting that created considerable excitement and served to stir up the city. The meeting was to take place at the Hebrew Institute, but when the audience began to gather we found all the gates locked against us, with the police on hand threatening trouble. It appears that the president of the Institute (his name is too insignificant to be mentioned in *MOTHER EARTH*), ordered the Acting Superintendent, I. A. Margolis, to recall the meeting at the last moment. As the Institute hall had been properly rented and an agreement made, Mr. Margolis refused to break the contract. Moreover, Mr. Margolis took the courageous stand that he saw no reason whatever why the meeting should not take place, as arranged and advertised. The president, who masquerades as a "liberal," and who, by the way, had no jurisdiction in the matter, still insisted that Mr. Margolis refuse us the hall. The latter stood by his guns, whereupon he was dismissed on the spot, the president sending in a call for the police to "protect" the Institute.

Thousands collected in front of the locked gates, and for a moment trouble was threatened. Fortunately we were able to secure another hall in the vicinity, the West Side Auditorium. The place was packed to the doors by a tremendous audience that came to express its solidarity with Caplan and Schmidt, and that vociferously applauded the speakers in their unstituted condemnation of the Institute for its suppression of free speech.

Jake Margolis, our energetic and brilliant comrade of Pittsburgh (brother of I. A. Margolis), Honoré Jaxson, Samuel Agursky and myself addressed the meeting, one of the most enthusiastic and inspiring affairs I had ever witnessed. The meeting opened the ears of Chicago to the Caplan-Schmidt case and incidentally declared a boycott against the Institute, which has since been put into successful operation by the various radical and labor organizations of Chicago, who formerly patronized that institution.

As the fates would have it, I arrived in Chicago just a day before the great Eastland disaster. In every home, in every gathering of labor men in shop and union, I felt the terrible calamity that cost the lives of more than a thousand human beings. It was very difficult to center the attention of the workers, practically the sole sufferers in this catastrophe, upon any other subject. But the humble slave patience was maddening. Almost everyone realized that greed and graft alone were responsible for the terrible sacrifice of life. It was no "accident." The boat had repeatedly been condemned as unsafe. Yet the government officials, local and Federal, absolutely ignored the menace of the Eastland, and the Western Electric Co. actually *forced* its employees to buy tickets for the excursion, the company getting a rake-off on the proceeds from the managers of the Eastland.

And the people of Chicago were patiently waiting for the government inspectors to "investigate" their own corruption, and—mourning their dead!

The devil tried in the court of his mother-in-law. How many more Eastlands shall we suffer ere the people awaken?

* * *

Report of activities in Detroit and Pittsburgh, in the next issue. I am on my way to New York, via Buffalo and Philadelphia, where mass meetings have been arranged for me.

Individuals and groups who want to aid in organizing Defense Leagues and mass meetings or lectures in the

Caplan-Schmidt case, please communicate with me in care of MOTHER EARTH.

P. S. Just arrived in New York, where I expect to remain only a few weeks.

An *International Mass Meeting* in the matter of Caplan and Schmidt will take place in New York, Thursday, September 16th, 8 P. M., at the Harlem Casino, 116th Street and Lenox Avenue. The message of our two comrades in the Los Angeles jail will be given to the people of New York on that occasion by a number of speakers, among them Emma Goldman and myself.

Individuals interested in the Caplan-Schmidt case, and organizations who want me to appear before them in this matter, please communicate with me at once. Mail address, 20 East 125th Street. Residence, 547 West 123d Street, Apt. 19. (Tel. 5280 Morningside.)

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

TRUTH IN THE DESERT*

BY RAP

THE author of "The Poet in the Desert" is one of the few American writers who is a master of English. This fact alone is sufficient in these days to explain his literary obscurity; for the professional American "reader" has not the broad outlook nor the fundamental understanding of literature to appreciate this mastery. Our effeminate "literature" has become monotonous and feeble, a poor withered offspring of a language that once was vigorous and free. This may explain why the calm, easy strength of Wood's poem will find little appreciation among the pedants and professors who peddle their petty views concerning modern literature.

But in addition to this, the book is infused with a spirit that is truly revolutionary—revolutionary in a basic organic sense, revolutionary in the eternal and universal sense. This, of course, is altogether damning. Poetry with guts—in the intellectual rather than the sentimental sense—is not wanted by our male club ladies. Such poetry would require an exertion which their feeble men-

THE POET IN THE DESERT, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Portland, Oregon, sold by MOTHER EARTH. Price \$1.00.

tal processes are quite incapable of. But it is indeed just this intellectual or visionary content that renders "The Poet in the Desert" one of the few and significant contributions to that vague and nebulous thing we call American literature. This vision is a stimulating one, whether you agree with it or not. The author calls it "pantheistic" and "revolutionary."

Many of our "practical" revolutionists will, of course, object to anything labelled "pantheistic." But it is time to point out that many of those who are so engrossed in the "practical tactics" of Revolution have never realized or been conscious of the larger aspects of life and the universe. They condemn as metaphysical any outlook that searches beyond the immediate din and turmoil. Worshippers of energy and "direct action," engrossed in petty, personal antagonisms, overfed with what they choose to term "social consciousness" they lose sight of the eternal facts of existence. Wood's pantheism is in no sense theological, and decidedly in no sense opposed to the most destructive and profound revolution; but it awakens a deeper sense of true values. In the desert, we may infer, these values are sensed directly and freely, so that the "poet" must return to "civilization" more convinced than ever of the necessity of destroying all that stands in the way of men enjoying freedom and a deep harmony with eternal truth, such as he himself has found in the wilderness.

This book is great especially in its power to stimulate spiritual reaction. Reading it, you are apt to oppose your own vision to that of the author, but it is only this very reading that awakens your deeper consciousness to expression. Its one chief fault, if it may be so termed, is its graceful, easy, colorful imagery—its "fine writing," its very lucidity.

These qualities make "The Poet in the Desert" such easy reading that in the pleasure of its imagery, one is apt to float along oblivious of its "pantheistic" and revolutionary visions.

One of the most interesting expressions of Wood's pantheism is to be found in that passage in which he makes us realize that there can be no true or vital opposition between the most extreme form of individualism and the most profound monism:

"Unless I am determinedly myself,
I have taken the supreme gift and belied it.
I have broken the everlasting chain,
And am a link that has failed."

"I must declare myself utterly, without mercy,
Or I am nothing. I have lost my opportunity.
My life a bubble of the sea, which is, and is gone."

"Yet I am not greater than others.
Let each express himself relentlessly."

It is impossible to quote here at length, yet no review of this picturesque contribution to the literature of Anarchy would be complete without calling attention to Wood's interpretation of death. "Death is life in its fullest immensity," and the revolutionist must teach the fighting proletariat to meet Death, to accept Death. Revolution creates new values of Life and Death.

"The victims of the God of Gold
No longer march into his blood-dripping maw.
Their faces are set toward Death.
Their breasts are naked.

"They have beaten their hammers and saws into knives.
Their eyes are fixed. They are willing to die"
"Death is their drummer, drumming
Upon the unknown graves of the oppressed...."



THE HONORABLE FLAG!!!

BY MARIUS L'MARVANRE

I *f each red stripe were a million,
There would be yet too few,
To number those whose blood was shed,
In nominal honor to you!*

*If each white stripe were a billion,
There would not be enough
To bandage up the wounds you caused,
To perpetrate your bluff!!*

*And the stars of mortal anguish,
Which sprang from pain thru you,
Should present themselves innumerable,
In your field of aching blue!!*

THE TOUR.

BY BEN L. REITMAN, M. D.

IT was a wonderful tour, the most interesting and satisfactory of our nine trips across the country. The efforts of the Anarchist propagandists have not been in vain.

Four wonderful months in New York, crowded meetings most every night; six glorious weeks in Chicago; a delightful month in Los Angeles; a perfect month in San Francisco, and most interesting weeks in Minneapolis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Denver, Portland, and Seattle.

In looking back over a year's work, which was made up of about 300 meetings, it is rather difficult to pick out the most interesting and exceptionable ones, New York will always come first. The tremendous crowds, the intelligent discussions which follow all of E. G.'s lectures and which helped her to meet critics and cynics all over the country—because any one who can pass through a New York discussion meeting safely has no need to fear the honest questioner any where in the land—makes New York our first and most faithful lover.

Chicago, the tremendous meetings, the large number of poor and wealthy Jews, the wonderful discussion which followed the lecture on the "Intermediate Sex," the surprising number of doctors who attended all of our meetings, showing the tardy awakening of the physicians' interest in labor and pure sociology, the unusual interest in birth control, which would have made the heart of dear old Moses Harmon rejoice had he been alive, showed that Chicago, my home town, had felt the effects of "my" quarter of a century influence.

Denver, medium sized crowds, mild discussions, but what wonderful men and women there, revealing the power and beauty of Anarchism in the work-shops, in the schools and universities, the remarkable boys, demonstrating that one does not have to be grown-up in order to be a force in the Revolutionary movement. These factors will compel the historian of American Anarchism to give Denver a prominent place.

California, the beautiful,—made doubly attractive because I was able to have my mother with me during my

entire stay there,—the free speech fight which was won in San Diego without my aid and abetment, the twenty-five splendid meetings in Los Angeles, best we have had in years, the delightful group of assistants, the beach, the Townsends, Lioness, the wonderful inspiring Schmidt-Caplan meetings, held in the Labor Temple, San Francisco, with "Dynamite" Bilinski, as my chief aid, thirty big meetings, discussions that were worthy of the Royal Medical Society or the American Economic Association, beautiful halls, beautiful women, lovely friends, splendid street meetings, E. G.'s inspired address before the Congress of Religious Philosophy, my mother's parting words as I put her on the train to Chicago, "I have had the best time in my life since I was a little girl," all these makes us want to sing with the poet "I want to go back, I want to go back."

Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., free speech fights won "without my aid and abetment." Portland, pinched! The chief of police asked me, "What is this birth control business? It is anything like self-abuse?" It was the cleanest jail I ever slept in, but it wasn't clean enough to prevent me from burning my underwear. Pauline Cantor, the most active and faithful, who promised to name her baby after me, Wilson and Westrup who painted such lovely signs, great big street meetings, C. E. S. Wood's brilliant and courageous defense of our case, which resulted in a lot of splendid birth control propaganda and saved us from paying a \$200.00 fine, makes me believe that big things in the Revolutionary movement will come out of Portland.

Home Colony, only the beautiful children left a pleasant impression, the whole village being permeated with a poisonous gas, which reflects in dim outline how much love of mothers will do for their young, has demonstrated that in order to produce perfect botanical species more than transplantation is necessary.

Seattle, in the wobbly hall, the terrible noise from the moving picture organ, the interesting street meetings (I am getting to be some street speaker), is the only town in America where we have extreme difficulty in securing halls.

Yes, it was a wonderful tour. It is great to serve an ideal. The love of life, the joy of propaganda has been ours. It was a wonderful awakening all over America—more workingmen understand the Labor Movement and the necessity of industrial solidarity than ever before. The church is on the bum—not even the Salvation Army can make a decent living. There is pretty much free speech in America. It would do the sceptic good to hear the free and frank coarse and rank speeches that thousands of street speakers are making about labor, religion, sex, and anything else that comes into their heads. It is only the radical speaker that can attract the crowd in the street in these days. The tremendous growth of the birth control propaganda justifies the terrible jail sentence, poverty and struggle which Hayward, Moses Harmon and others suffered. And it is a striking testimony to what direct action will do for any movement—O brave Margaret Sanger! you can be glad even if they hang you or send you to penitentiary for life, your pamphlet has found its way into nearly every hamlet or village in America, and dozens of other men or women have republished your pamphlet or similar ones and scattered them broadcast throughout the land and Anthony Comstock, though aided by all the powers of government or hell, cannot stop this stupendous movement.

May I add humbly, we have added our mite?

Now, the tour is over. I am going back to Chicago to write a book on "Safety First in Sex." If our comrades and friends will renew our subscriptions, order a little literature and send us an occasional contribution, Emma Goldman can take a much needed rest for a few months and prepare some new lectures. It is wonderful to live and be interested in the big things of life.

FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR

THE past twelve months have been the saddest and maddest twelve months that the world has ever known. Half a dozen great nations have been engaged in killing and trying to kill each other as quickly as possible, and the resources of science have been utilised to the utmost in fashioning the most diabolical weapons of war that the human mind could imagine. Wonderful inventions like the aeroplane and the submarine have carried death through the air and under the sea, and gigantic guns and terrible explosives have wrought havoc and destruction on land. Smiling hills and valleys have been turned into vast cemeteries, prosperous towns and cities shattered into ruins, and millions of strong and healthy men either killed outright or maimed for life. The battles of the contending armies and navies have been fought in every clime and on every sea, and hundreds of vessels engaged in carrying the fruits of the earth from one land to another are now lying at the bottom of the ocean with their cargoes and crews.

As the months roll by, instead of the people being appalled at the awful slaughter and destruction, they are feverishly preparing munitions of war on a more gigantic scale than ever, so that the slaughter in the coming months bids fair to exceed that of the past. Other nations, also, which have hitherto kept clear of the carnage are gradually being drawn in, until it seems possible that, if the war lasts much longer, no country in Europe will remain outside the struggle. And even across the Atlantic some hot-headed Americans have urged their Government to join in. In fact, it seems as though the war has stripped from the nations the thin veneer of civilization that distinguishes them from their savage ancestors.

Many of us had hoped that after long years of socialist and antimilitarist agitation the workers would have fiercely resisted the call to arms last autumn; but when the summons came, they obeyed it at once, and marched off to the battlefields to protect the interests of their rulers, just as they had done for many centuries. In each country practically all the Socialist and Labor

parties supported their Governments, some of their members joining the Cabinets thus showing the value of their previous speeches about the never-ending class war.

At the moment of writing there seems no probability of an early cessation of hostilities, of the Governments have a free hand. But will the peoples of Europe allow them a free hand? Already there are signs of a revulsion of feeling in various parts of the Continent, and it would require very little agitation for it to spread quickly.

We know that the longer the war lasts, the greater the sacrifice of the workers. In this country, for instance, in spite of the fact that they have laid down their lives at the bidding of their rulers, the few liberties the workers possessed at the beginning of the war are being gradually taken away under the plea of "military necessity." There is no gratitude in a ruling class. During the Napoleonic wars, when, we are told, England "saved Europe," the aristocracy in this country took advantage of the occasion to steal the common lands from the people; and now they are taking advantage of the present situation to fasten legal shackles on the workers which it will be difficult to remove. Take a glance at the legislation which has been passed in the twelve months we have been at war, and it will be seen that in almost every case it restricts the liberties of the people. And now the cry for conscription becomes louder and more insistent, and he would be a bold man who would say it will not be introduced into this country before the war is over.

Thus we find that reaction has gained headway during the past twelve months, and the powers of the State have been enormously increased. In these circumstances, we must keep our ideals before the people, and point out to them that in every land their greatest enemies are their own rulers represented by the State, and until that vicious institution is shattered there will always be wars and rumours of wars.

DIPLOMACY AND TACTICS

BY VOLTAIRE

(1694-1778)

I WENT last Monday to the shop of my bookseller, whose warehouses, with all their variety, often afford me nothing to read. "I have got to-day," said he, "by good luck, a new work, necessary to the happiness of mankind, and as full of instruction as delight. No one ought to neglect the persual of this performance. The destiny of all depends upon it. Let me send it to you. It is entitled 'Tactics.'"

"Tactics!" said I. "Alas! to this day I have been ignorant of the meaning of this learned noun."

"It is a word," answered my bookseller, "that is descended to us from the Greeks. It signifies the great art, or **THE ART** by way of eminence; that of arrangement or order. The sanguine wishes of the most daring genius find themselves here fully gratified."

I bought his "Tactics" and rejoiced in the purchase. I hoped to find in this divine work, the art of lengthening my life; of surmounting the miseries with which it is infested; of cultivating my taste; of subduing my passions; of subjecting my desires to the yoke of reason; of being just towards all men, without ever being their dupe. I shut myself up in my study; I read, I devour, I digest every word of so admirable a work. Great God! the object of this art was to instruct men to cut each others throats.

I learned that formerly, in Germany, a guileless monk, to amuse his leisure, invented a certain composition of brimstone and saltpetre; that a large leaden ball, thrown out with a terrible report, ought to be directed to a certain height in order to descend to a certain level: and that this rule being attended to, death infallibly flies out from a brass cylinder in a certain curve called a parabola, and overturns, being once repeated and managed with sufficient skill, a hundred blue automata standing all in a row. In a word, musket, dagger, sword with a sharp edge or a sharp point, are all good, all worthy of honor, provided that they kill.

In another chapter, the author describes a set of high-

waymen prepared for nightly depredation, who, having taken their stand in a hollow way, and being properly furnished with sabres and scaling ladders, proceed, in the first place, without sound of trumpet or drum, to the assassination of five or six sentinels. Afterwards, having dexterously climbed the walls of a city, while each honest trader was sleeping securely in his bed, they spread, from street to street fire and sword; stab the men; ravish their wives; knock out the brains of young children; and, at length, exhausted with so many efforts, carouse the wine of another in the midst of bleeding bodies. The next morning they proceed, as in duty bound, to return thanks to God for their heroical enterprise; to tell him in Latin, with a nasal twang, that he alone is their protector; that, while the town was in flames, they could do nothing without him; that one can neither rob nor ravish to one's heart's-content, nor massacre the defenseless, with God to second the undertaking.

Surprised as I was at the discovery of this boasted art, I hastened once more to my bookseller, out of breath with horror and amazement; returned to him his volume, and exclaimed, my eyes flashing with rage:

"Begone! Accursed bookseller of Beelzebub! Carry your 'Tactics' to the Chevalier de Tot. He teaches the Turks to march in the name of the Lord. He instructs unbelievers to cover the Dardanelles with their cannon, and kill the inhabitants of the Christian world. Begone! Address yourself to the Count de Romanzow; to the pitiless conqueror of Azof and Bender; but chiefly offer this admirable performance to the great Frederic. He knows more of this art than your author, and is upon more confidential terms with Lucifer. He is consummate master of this horrible scinece, more perfect in it than either Gustavus or Eugene. Begone! I will never believe that human nature came out—God knows when!—from the hands of its creator, thus to insult its omnipotent benefactor, to be guilty, of so much extravagance, and so much insanity. Man, with his ten fingers, unarmed either for attack or defence, was never formed violently to abridge a life which necessity has already rendered so short. The gout with its chalk-stones, and the hardened slime which forms itself into pebbles at the bottom of the

ANSELMO L. FIGUEROA

bladder, the fever, the catarrh, and a hundred diseases more dreadful; a hundred mountebanks in ermine, still more the foes of our peace, would have been sufficient to render this globe a valley of tears, without its being necessary to invent this sublime art of war."



ANSELMO L. FIGUEROA

Dear Comrades:

We are now *one less!!*

Our dear old man, Anselmo L. Figueroa, Editor of *Regeneracion*, died on the 14th inst., at 3 a. m., at Palomaz, Ariz., where he went looking for better climate for his ill health.

Anselmo suffered of blood poisoned because the uratic acid spread over his system.

According to the information just received, Anselmo's corpse was buried last Tuesday, 15th.

Most fraternally yours,

E. F. MAGÓN,

By *Regeneracion* Group.



THE HILL CASE

Joe Hill's application for a new trial has been denied by the Supreme Court of the State of Utah and this body goes out of its way to assure us that it was a fair trial.

This in spite of the fact that the powers that be, used every means to secure Hill's conviction. The newspapers were used to create prejudice against him, by the use of photographs and in other ways, inflame "public opinion."

In the midst of the trial Hill discharged his lawyers, and the reason he gave, was that "There are too many prosecuting attorneys in this case, so I'll get rid of two of them."

The judge decided that Hill had a perfect right to discharge them but—he insisted that they be retained as "friends of the court" whatever that may be. And they remained in charge of the case, altho the judge was asked several times thereafter that they be excluded from the case.

It has been decided to take the case to the U. S. Supreme Court, and to this end money is necessary.

All contributions should be sent to

GEORGE CHILDS,
215 E. First South,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Also letters of protest to the Governor of the State of Utah.

For San Francisco Joe Hill Defense Committee.

E. W. Vanderlieth.

WHEN THE WAR CAME TO BELGIUM.

(The following notes are taken from a letter written by our Belgian Comrade G. Marin, who is now in England.)

We attended the huge international Socialist meeting that was held in Brussels to protest against the coming war. It took place in the largest hall in the city, the Royal Circus; 8,000 people inside, and about 20,000 people outside, who could not get in. Never had we seen such a crowd in our city, and never had we dreamed of such enthusiasm anywhere, and especially in Belgium. Vandervelde was chairman. Keir Hardie spoke in the name of the English workers, Haase of the German, Traelstra of the Dutch, Rubanovitch of the Russian, Jaurès of the French—I forget the names of the other delegates (Italian, etc.). Rosa Luxemburg was there, but too tired to speak; she had an ovation for her anti-militarist propaganda in Germany. Not only Socialists and Anarchists were there, but many others; and it was a very funny sight indeed to see the Liberal and even some of the Conservative bourgeoisie imploring support from the proletarian forces to save them from the coming danger of war. Haase told us that twenty-seven anti-war meetings were held in Berlin alone the previous night. The dirty capitalist game underlying the situation in each country was lengthily revealed by each of the speakers; and Jaurès went so far as to say that if the French government did commit the apprehended crime, his party was ready to refuse to march! This declaration was received with endless and thrilling hurrahs! Such was the spirit shown then, that we hoped at one time that the various governments would hesitate in front of such a determined attitude of the working classes.

That night and the following day crowds of people were walking in every corner of the town with labels stuck on their hats or pinned on their coats, with these words: "War against War." All the Belgians I questioned, peasants and citizens, soldiers and civilians, men and women, every one was horrified at the idea of a war; and not one of them cared a scrap about being under the German, French, or English government provided they had *peace*. The well-known lack of patriotism among the Belgians is unfortunately not the result of a sound understanding, but has different causes, which are: firstly, that Belgium has no national language of its own, hence the ruling classes have never succeeded in breeding a real national psychology, in spite of their efforts through education and the press; secondly, the Clerical government, elected by the plural vote, has ceased for some time to represent the most numerous and especially the most active part of the population; thirdly, the unenthusiastic temperament of the Belgian does not give a hold to patriotism. Apart from all that, the Socialist party is very strong in all the industrial parts of the country, and has always taught the people to look on their foreign fellow workers as their friends, also that they would not be any more or less miserable under any other government than the one they are enduring at present.

A very few days after the meeting, at midnight, the fatal news of a general mobilization reached us. We were then living in a small Walloon village some fifteen miles from Brussels. At four o'clock in the morning we left, having determined to come back to England. We shall never forget the sight of this poor little village at night: mothers standing in their doorways, holding a lantern just bright enough to show the tears running down their cheeks. These unfortunate people understood that they had kissed their beloved children for the last time. We had to change trams and trains many times. Every station and every wagon was overloaded with soldiers. In one small station I endeavored to talk to them: not one of them wanted to defend "his" country, "his" government, Belgian integrity or "independence." In the trains we listened to the conversation. The men were wild at the idea of going to "shoot comrades of misfortune who had not done them any harm." In this concert of indignation I had not heard one discordant voice. Why, then, were they all going like a flock of sheep to the butchery! "If we don't, we shall be shot," was the only reply we could get.

You will understand now why Vandervelde, whose eloquence had made him the right arm of the Socialist Party in Belgium, and who had presided over the anti-war meeting, was suddenly appointed a Minister of State, by which step he became a traitor to his party and sold his great influence to the government. For years his aim has been to become a Minister, and now it is realized. But I doubt whether he has inoculated his flock with any virus since I left. Some Belgian refugees I saw lately in England told me that "the annexation of Belgium by Germany would have been a hundred times preferable to the disaster the country has suffered by the war; and that if the Allies had really any pity for the Belgians, they had much better not begin all over again for the sake of King Albert and his co-beneficiaries."

These few notes might be useful to give you what I think a more exact idea of the Belgian question than the official notes.—*London Freedom*.



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(Collected by Alexander Berkman)

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Donations Picnic	19.05
Sub. List per Geo. Appel	1.25
" " " B e r t h a Blackman	4.50
Sub. List per Rose Reisberg	1.25
Contribution	64.75
Total	\$510.98

P. S. Money collected for the Caplan-Schmidt Fund is forwarded to Tom Barker, Treasurer, 201 Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Cal.

THROUGH EMMA GOLDMAN

Collected at meeting in San Francisco	\$27.50
Proceeds of Caplan-Schmidt Social, San Francisco.....	72.50
Total	\$100.00

Sent to E. B. Morton, Los Angeles.

BOOKS RECEIVED

LABOR IN POLITICS: Robert Hunter. The Socialist Party (National Office) 803 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

INCOME: Scott Nearing, Ph. D. (An examination of the returns for services rendered and from property owned in the United States. Macmillan Co., New York.)

NATION OF NATIONS: Alfred Owen Crozier. The way to permanent peace. Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati.

NATURE'S DIVINE SCIENCE: N. D. Sickels. The Crel-ler Press, San Diego, Cal.

A MOST VITAL

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from our two comrades in jail in Los Angeles

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